

PAPER PULP FROM WOOD.

The following account of an important process will, doubtless, be found interesting:

The wood, four feet in length and of any thickness, is brought in at the base ment, placed in the barking-jack (one stick at a time), where two men, with draw-knives, rapidly peel off the bark. It is then conveyed by the elevator to the first floor, sawed in two-foot lengths with cross-cut saws, passed on to the rip-saw, where it is slabbled (that is, a small portion of wood on opposite sides taken off) to permit its resting firmly in the grinding engine. It is then passed to the boring machine (an upright and a one-half-inch auger, with foot attachment driven by power), where the knots are bored out. The wood is then placed in racks of the same size as the receptacle in the grinding-engine, and carried out to be ground. The grinding-engines are upright, and receive at a filling one-twentieth of a cord of wood.

The wood is placed in a receptacle, and, by a simple, variable, automatic process, is pressed flatwise between two outward-revolving rolls, composed of solid emery, which are flooded with a spray of water, carrying off the fibrillated pulp in a stream through revolving screens to the tank or stuff chest in the basement. It is then pumped up into a vat that forms part of the wet-machine. In this vat is constantly revolving a large cylinder, with fine brass-wire cloth, which picks up the particles of pulp out of the water and places them on the felt (an endless piece of woolen goods which makes between rolls, for different purposes, a continual circuit of the wet-machine). On the cylinder is turning a heavy roll, called the concha; between the two, where they meet, the cylinder leaves the pulp, with most of the water pressed from it.

The pulp now makes its appearance on the felt above the concha roll in a beautiful sheet, thirty-eight inches in width, and is carried along in a steady flow a distance of about eight feet, where it passes between, but not beyond two heavy rollers, the upper iron, the lower wood; it adheres to the upper roll, which is constantly turning, wrapping it up, and when a sufficient thickness is attained is cut off by a knife being pressed to the roll, attached to the machine for that purpose. It now leaves the roll in a thick white sheet, which is received by the boy in attendance, on a table conveniently attached to the machine, and folded into sheets fourteen by twenty-six inches. It is then placed on scales until the weight is 100 pounds, when it is placed in the press and firmly tied into square, compact bundles. It is now ready for shipment to the paper-mill, to be made into printing and tea paper.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

There has been published in Brussels a curious work with respect to the origin of newspapers, in which the author claims for one of his own countrymen, Abraham Bercever, a native of Antwerp, the first idea of such a publication. And he not only declares that he was the first European journalist, but that he was, as well, the originator of illustrated periodicals. The first number of Bercever's journal which he has been able to discover contains an account of the battle of Eckren, which was fought in May, 1605. Up to the year 1611 it does not appear whether the issue was at regular periods; but after that date it became so, and in 1622 there had been 109 numbers printed.

The following extract from a letter written by a lady in Cleveland, in reference to the resting-place of our martyred President, will be read with interest: "So long a time has elapsed since the obsequies that many strangers visiting Cleveland are surprised to learn that a detachment of United States infantry are still detailed to watch the vault wherein lie the remains of our honored President. Night and day can be heard the measured tramp, tramp of the sentry on duty, and it is intended to continue this watchfulness until the body is deposited in the ground. Through the grated door of the vault can be seen the elegant casket given by the Masonic brethren. Covered with beautiful flowers, kept fresh by loving hands, it is still visited daily by hundreds of people, many of whom eagerly seek the cast-off blossoms as mementoes. Near the vault is the shelter-house, and on the other side of the lake the white tents of the soldiers are pitched. At the base of the hill upon which the monument is to be placed a glass house is erected, inclosing the funeral-car, still trimmed with immortelles and the trappings of war."

DISADVANTAGE OF RICHES.

A very rich man once said: "I worked like a slave till I was nearly 50 to make my fortune, and I have been watching it ever since like a detective." This may be an exaggerated case of opulent misery, but the rich as often need societies for the amelioration of their condition as the poor.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

It may be a platitude, writes G. A. Sala, to remark that illustrious rank, as income of a great many thousands of roubles a year, a fine house to live in, a French cook and plenty of servants, and the breast of your coat all covered with stars and crosses, do not necessarily of themselves confer on humanity the thing called happiness; but it is expedient to remember this truism in view of the opinion that these adorn no states of existence more monotonous, more useless, and indeed more generally deplorable than those of the male members of the imperial family in Russia. The Grand Duchesses are more fortunate. They have, at least, the chance of marrying foreign potentates, of escaping from his Imperial Majesty's jail—in which his Imperial Majesty himself is the chief prisoner—of conversing with free people, and of breathing free air. But here are these young, middle-aged and elderly imperial gentlemen, forming a caste apart, as isolated and comparatively as numerous as the imperial caste of the Yellow Girdle in China, condemned to pass their lives, buttoned and buckled and strapped up in the tight-fitting uniforms, and to wear helmets or forage caps on their heads. They were dressed in uniform when they were children; they live in uniform, and when they die they will be buried in uniform. Each adult one of them is mured up in a palace of his own as big as a barracks, where he keeps, or is rather kept, in safe custody by a swarming retinue of aides-de-camp, equerries, maitres d'hotel, grooms and lacquies, and the wages of this army of parasites added to the revenue apportioned to their Highnesses from a civil list of 10,000,000 of roubles a year, but which is practically unlimited, go far toward eating up the fat of the land, and grinding the face of the miserable moujik even to the bone.

DO SOME ONE THING WELL.

Let me say to the young, forming habits, one fact or truth looked at in all its phases, traced in all its relations, thoroughly mastered, is worth more, to head, heart and life, than a thousand superficially grasped and partially comprehended. Take a subject, think through it, round it, over it, under it, turn it over, look at it in all possible phases and relations; master it, make it your own; one book—read it, question it, doubt it, discuss it and analyze it; master it, and it will be worth a dozen read in a cursory or superficial manner; one text of scripture—fathom it, measure its length and breadth; try to detach it, and find the ligaments by which it is held; think down into it until you come, according to its own path, to Christ—for be sure, as He is the truth, every truth leads to Him in His own way—get into its very heart and look at it, for the peculiar glory of spiritual truths, like some temples, can be seen only from within. Climb to its summit. As literally, so spiritually, the best, widest, grandest prospect is from the top of its heights. It is the beaten oil that gives the brilliant flame. It is thoroughly digested food that gives us strength and health. I would not say read the Bible less, but meditate upon what you read more. He is not the best Bible student that remembers the greatest number of verses, or that is the most skillful exegete of its difficult passages, or that has at his command the greatest number of its facts and truths; but rather that man who best understands its great fundamental principles that lie at the foundation and manifest themselves through every verse, and is the most thoroughly imbued with its spirit, that has the key of interpretation to the deepest meaning of the whole.

HUMORS of the Glendale (Mo.) train robbery: One man had with him \$200, and taking it out of his wallet he divided it into two portions of \$15 and \$185. His intention was to put the \$185 wad in his sachel, but in the hurry and excitement of the occasion he put the \$15 pile in the sachel, and when the robbers entered the car and he handed over the other wad he chuckled to himself that he had made a big hit in concealing his money in his sachel. It was not till he reached home that he discovered his terrible blunder. A gentleman in the sleeper hid his wallet, containing \$175, under the cushion of the seat. When the robbers entered the train they ordered all the passengers to stand down toward one end of the sleeper, while they searched the car. The first cushion they raised was the one under which the \$175 had been planted. The leader of the train-robbers appeared to be very angry at such an exhibition of want of confidence, and made inquiries of the passengers as to who had concealed the money in such a place, but, being unable to ascertain, he said that it was a d—d good thing for the man that he could not find out, for he would have killed him "too quick." Another passenger hid his money and watch in a spittoon, and attempted to get clear by turning over \$2.50. The leader told him that first-class passengers in the sleepers always carried more money than that, and that he could take his choice, to hand over his money or lose his sweet life, while the muzzles of two revolvers were held in close proximity to his head. He decided to take his chances on the former, and gave up his money and watch, which were fished out of the spittoon and turned over with profuse apologies.

TWO ROSES.

I send two roses to my fair—
A red one and a white one;
And if she loves me she will wear
The pure white rose to-night;
But if my love deny me grace,
To bid my hope be dead,
In her sweet bosom will she place
The fatal one—the red.

In hope and fear the day I spend;
Each moment slowly goes,
For all my future doth depend
Upon a simple rose.
"Oh, that the night would come," I sigh,
Then wish 'twere only noon.
For me, if hope be doomed to die,
The night will come too soon.

She comes! and with her comes a breath
Of roses on the air,
And be it life or be it death,
I look upon my fair.
I see the white rose on her breast,
The red rose on her cheek;
What need of words to tell the rest,
So plain these roses speak!

—The Republic.

SOME WILLS.

Every now and then we see wills in the *Illustrated London News* which astonish us by the magnitude and benevolence of the pecuniary bequests. Such are the enormous bequests of Mr. Gardner to the blind, and of the late Mr. George Henry Moore, who left sporadic legacies in every conceivable direction. We naturally augur all good things from such amiably-minded testators. But perhaps a still higher degree of sympathy and credit ought to be attached to those generous-minded beings who have made their benefactions in their lifetime. Such were the late Mr. Atwood, whose anonymous benefactions of £1,000 each were acknowledged incessantly in the second column of the *Times*; the late Mr. Kemble, of Bath, whose immense gifts were of the rarest delicacy and kindness, and Mr. Holloway, who has proved such a benefactor to the insane of the middle class and to the cause of the higher education of women. When we read of a rich man leaving an enormous fortune to the Metropolitan Board of Works, we suspect an unusual combination of the prosaic and imaginative in his composition. It was much more sensible of Mr. Neald to leave his money to the Queen. You very often find rich people leaving money to the rich, and even poor people doing the same thing. Although some cases may admit of explanation, it appears to me that this is an indication of a very mean order of character, and is carrying snobishness beyond the tomb. The will of Rabelais—if, indeed, this curious will is really his—gives quite the spirit of his works: "I have no available property; I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor." One thinks much of the kind-heartedness of people who leave money to dumb animals; always provided, however, that they have not cut out their relations in favor of cats and dogs. Not only to cats and dogs, but to horses, parrots and other birds, and even to fishes, have handsome bequests been left. Even Lord Chancellor Eldon left a small annuity to his dog, which is a relieving feature in his character.—*London Society.*

CAN CELIBACY BE EXCUSED?

Young men are continually advised and urged, privately and publicly, to take a wife, the supposition being, whether erroneous or not, that young women are very willing to be taken under almost any circumstances. The postulate that marriage is always desirable is obviously false. It is only desirable when such conditions exist for and between the couple as are far from common, and frequently attainable. The prospect of conjugal misery would seem to be quite as good as the prospect of conjugal happiness, and no amount of foresight will insure any pair against sharp disappointment and bitter discontent. Everybody is aware of this—it is little less than a truism—and yet on all sides preachments resound in favor of universal matrimony. Many persons do not wish to be married, and more—generally those anxious to be—are not fitted for the state. Good wifehood or true husbandship is not inherited with birth; nor does it appertain to the multitude. Those who cannot live alone cannot as a rule live together. Conjugal adaptation is evidence of self-discipline, of forbearance, of individuality. The best wives and the best husbands are doubtless they who, with a variation of their destiny, would have made model maidens and model bachelors. Nor is it improbable that many who would have been the noblest patterns of wedded domesticity are to-day enjoying themselves in single blessedness.—*New York paper.*

EX-SUPERINTENDENT KITTY, of New York, sent the following toast to a social gathering:

Our Public Schools—may their influence spread
Until statement use grammar and dunces are dead;
Till no one dare say in this land of the free,
He's "dumb" for he "did," or he's "lame" for he "can't."

An Englishman says a derrick is a bit of a valve, because it is a hoister.

The *London Truth* is denouncing Canada as an insubordination to the British Government. Of Manitoba it says it is a fraud, locked in by frost eight months in the year, and useless except for hunting and fishing. According to the *Truth*, the only part of Canada that is desirable is Ontario, and that, it claims, is bound by its position and business connections to become one of the United States.

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